

Cookbook of Prayers:
Your Soul Soup of Rituals for Redemption
Seasoned with Pre-Religious Spices

Michele Rizzardi and Michal Musialowski

(HOT!)



The Serpent

Michele Rizzardi

In our skin

Uroboros of life
Shedding fragments of soul
Rainbow serpent

I have dreamt of you in the present reality of past demons
I have danced with you in the dreamtime of illusion

Ghost land, waste land, the violet hour is not young any more
April is still cruel

And now what?

Will we accept the redemption of the witch?
Will we scoop out our skin and scratch it against our sand-paper
soul?

Rocks are too tough
bounding us to the Earth

Dancing around my skin
We are crawling back to sparks of light and taste of soil

Exorkismós

Michał Musiałowski

Dry grass rotting on the floor

Two hours passed since the first moon
the cricket will sharpen his arch
the river will mumble a melody

The failure of the clocks

Kero, kero, guo guo, kwaak
toads singing like cocks
the looping hour of a new beginning

Come closer and listen!

Turn the key, only once, once only
let the minor rise and fall
and claim the flame under your control

Enter Dáimōn

The arches rise in a screech

there he stands grunting like a canine bitch
pregnant with your failures and your fears
holding a mirror
spitting and squirting
the dense black oil of your sins

It is so easy to run away
and feed the beast;
will you do it again?

smash another coffin-nail?

Call him with your name,
come closer and listen

Dry dreams rotting on the grass
embers resuscitating into fire
no oxygen, no relief

Look into his ugly eye!
And now?

The cricket brings relief
the deaf rock echoes silence
freedom and peace
Flow, flow, flow
drop by drop
drop by drop
flow, flow, flow
drop
drop

My Testament

Michał Musiałowski

My friend, my mirror, my brother
let us look at each other
the way we are

How are we?

You have seen my scars
while they were still wounds
you did not turn away
from disgust
from fear and madness
you did not judge

Please listen one more time,
my sweetest love,
to my brief testament:

I leave my grief to the wind
I throw my ego into the fire
I drop the fear into the water
I embrace the soil with love

Every page is a new beginning

My Autumn

Michele Rizzardi

Come d'autunno sugli alberi le foglie

My inspiration, my heart, my brother

I do not know how we are

I do not know where

We are hanging on a thread of future beginnings

Like a soldier to hope

Holding fate by the hair

How are we?

Chewing copper-flavour demons

Licking our scars like a dog with its bone

Trying to unfold layers of humanity

Anam Cara, my heart is open for you

My arms are your nest

My mouth your wine spittoon

Let us not been dragged away by the wind

Like contorted, wrinkled dried leaves

Let us take this road together

Towards the redemption of the witch

Towards the rituals of our skin

At the end of all things
[Our Autumn, Our Testament]
The Beginning

Ptak

Michał Musiałowski

Without wings
dressed in rage
Fly, Ptaku¹!

Wieża Babel
plątanie słów
si erge² solitaria
Cacophony

You sit on top, shaking
come un guacamayo³
w piersi rośnie piosenka:
“Ein, zwei, drei, marsch”
They are still killing the Jews
and reifying⁴ the others

Ptak, jump!
dentro le vortici dell’abisso
verso la libertà
zapalę znicza⁵
kiedy będziesz wolny

¹ Vocativo di Ptak, a bird, uccello.

² I erge myself you erge yourself, they erge themselves

³ Ara

⁴ Proces zmiany w obiekt

⁵ Fuoco, luce

Padre nostro
che sei nei cieli
imaginary⁶

Wybacz!⁷

⁶ Not existing

⁷ Perdona perché ho peccato

Your title

by *Michele Rizzardi*

Deceiver of fools

Deceiver of hearts

padre nostro

[vostro]

Dark wings

Covering us

Fly away, enchanted Dove⁸

La torre di Babele tocca lo Spleen⁹

I fiori del male sono secchi

[ma freschi]

Siedo alla base, parlo una sola lingua

Les sanglots longs des violons¹⁰

Singhiozza ptaku

E vola verso la cima

La redenzione è vicina

Nell'abisso del peccato

The witch is weaving your hair with the loom

⁸ colomba dello spirito santo

⁹ Spleen et Ideal de Baudelaire

¹⁰ Paul Verlaine

Madness in fragments

Michał Musiałowski

blood taps

blank tapas

bang bing

brr... bzz...

violent fathers

violet feathers

visa issues

visage

Dog's burning flesh

flashlights in sweaty hands

Hans, Pietro, Dobromil

burning cats

air-strikes

anal landscapes

pieces of pasta

in my vomit

Rap Gods

god's fable

golf fields

Gulf wars

guts growl

my face as a child
your face as a child
our Fassade
fascists fuck the fearful

ASAP come ASAP

Oh, you can't come
you have better
 things
 to do

Fucking fireflies
fierce falenas

Falafel